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You've Got a Right

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YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT

I heard you were coming my way,
saying funny things to people and not explaining,
going around a little deaf. You've got a right.
I figured we should meet.
We'll take your car. It's got brakes.

I know about the laundromat,
your climbing in, singing warm spin warm spin.
You'd been mush.

And that goof dog Hairball,
I hear you run with him at night.
You like the lake, the moon, the creamy ice,
and riding garbage cans down the banks.

You need a girl.
I know one who curls around her terrarium
fingering trails, really.
She loves a carwash,
the sprayers and those crazy rubber suckers.

You'll be the one.
She reads too much
and who says you can't hold a job, come on back.
She'll rush your cellar up your stairs.